

Opinion

The Battalion

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Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the editorial board or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.

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A U.S. sanctuary?

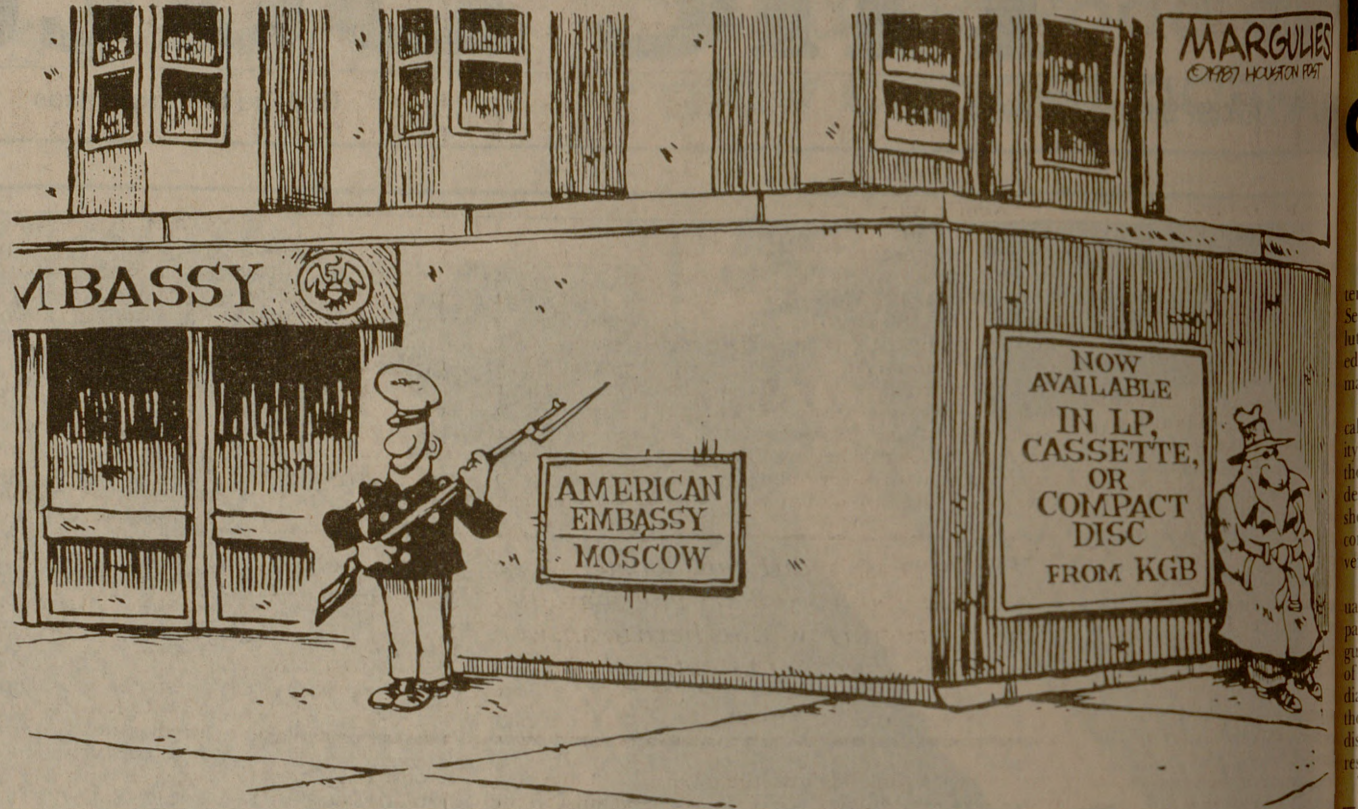
Instituting sanctions against Japan because of trade violations may be a punitive measure aimed at curbing the intense and, some say, unfair competition in the high-tech war with Japan. But such sanctions not only will soften domestic competition for the United States, relieving the pressure for quality American products, it will further weaken the United States' high-tech muscle abroad.

If Reagan's plan to restrict the sale of such Japanese high-tech goods as TVs, disk drives and stereos is implemented, the American public can look forward to a stagnation, if not decline, in the quality of similar U.S. goods. The idea that competition is healthy is not lost on the high-tech industry and aptly was demonstrated by the auto industry. In fact, we can thank Japan for the fall of the great American Cruiser, guaranteed to self-destruct at 40,000 miles.

Though American-made compact disks and stereos produced in the same vein as the Ford Pinto or the AMC Pacer may not cause our economy to crash, sanctions will open the road for similar measures in the future.

Any time the United States has trouble meeting prices in foreign markets, it will be inclined to look for the quick-fix solution and shut its front door to outside competition — a tactic certain to escalate the problem with overseas competition.

Instead of running from a goods struggle, the United States should take a lesson in high-tech combat from the Japanese. Japan has learned that people's wallets are not connected to their country's flag, and they will buy quality products no matter where they're produced.



Growing up as Grandpa's namesake

I don't think about the old boy much any more, which I suppose I feel somewhat guilty about. He died in 1964.

Rick Young
Guest Columnist

To mention Grandpa to anyone in the family today elicits the same response. They all agree he was a mean, disagreeable, rotten old goat. I'm the lone dissenter, albeit with some degree of prejudice.

I'm not the eldest of Grandpa's descendants. There was a boy and a girl

ahead of me and a number who followed. But my mother, knowing the ways of the world we live in, had presence of mind.

The early March morning in 1945 when I was dragged screaming into this world, and the doctor announced she had a son, my mother made a decision. I was named Richard Calvin Young III. I was assured a place in the heirarchy.

Other cousins had names like Aubrey, LaVerne, Phillip, Allan, Cynthia, Larry Robert, Jerry Wayne and the like. I was R.C. Young III.

On the occasions when the family gathered in Mirando City, the tiny, obscure town off Texas Highway 359 east of Laredo that Grandpa was instrumental in birthing, I would be perched a seemingly impossible height above the rocky ground on Grandpa's shoulder and taken on his rounds. He would introduce me.

"This is my namesake," he would announce. For many years I wondered if that was really my name, rather than the one my folks called me.

Grandpa liked to dress me in a white shirt, with one of his neckties, and march me to the front row of the Baptist church where he attended services. He was also fond of arming me with half a dollar or so in assorted change and parking me in front of the candy counter at Campbell's Grocery. Mrs. Campbell hated that. Took me all day to spend half a buck, but Grandpa knew I was safe from traffic, which in those days was heavy on Mirando City's single paved street, Farm Road 649 through the center of town.

He didn't even get upset when I took the Cushman three-wheel scooter out of gear, causing it to roll down the hill onto the highway where it was smashed flat as a bookmark by a passing oil field truck.

Where Grandpa went, I went. I was a tiny shadow behind a giant of a man.

It is a shame, remembering it. Cousin Sonny avoided Grandpa. Danny and Al-

len eventually reached the point where they spoke, but it was only because Grandpa took up giving them a ride on occasion.

The girl cousins had it worse. Being a shining example of old-world chivalry or not, Grandpa never spoke to the girls until they were about 16. Perhaps he wanted to make sure they were going to be around a while before he wasted words. Cousin LaVerne grew up, had four children of her own and attended Grandpa's funeral never having had a conversation with him, something for which I'm sure they both were the poorer.

As I grew older I seemed to grow further away from him. I never thought about the green oxygen tank behind the chair in the living room, nor the plant that grew more and more shuffling.

I was in Corpus Christi pursuing wings of gold through the skies in preparation for my first trip to Southeast Asia when the word came that his remaining lung had given out. It was an inspection that morning, occupying my mind trying to recall in vain the last I had talked with him.

The fury started with the reading of the will. I didn't go, the only surprise later learned, who did not attend the event. Or maybe it should be called a revelation, because his illness, years not being able to give all the help he should to his business, and the steady drying up of the oil fields around Mirando City had left him nothing to leave.

Only there was an heir to a fortune none of the others — his widow, his children, grandchildren and by then great grandchildren — knew existed. I still don't know of it. Because I understood the whole thing, a legacy that, because I have it, will live. Something that was guaranteed years before, on my birthday in a cold Kansas night, to be mine alone.

You see, I have his name.

Rick Young writes for the Corsicana Daily Sun

Once upon a time in Aggieland . . .

Low-Lifers — Nov. 7, 1928

We hate to admit the fact that we have "low-lifers" mingled with us, but it is a true fact and must be met squarely by those who have been so named. You to whom this editorial is written comprise a really low class of students, and it is hoped that you will think the matter over.

It all concerns your actions at the corps dances. The freshmen have heretofore been the objects of all the gripes, but it is time to aim a few at the upperclassmen.

Imagine a senior sitting around at the door for an hour or more waiting for the doors to be opened up, in order to save a dollar. Or maybe it is to hurt the social secretary, and consequently the Senior Class. Or imagine some juniors coming around the back way and breaking in one of the doors. These and several other things were actually done at the last corps dance, and the actions have certainly branded several members of the student body just exactly what they are.

And it is these men invariably who, after getting by the door, strut out on the floor like nit-wits and make utter asses out of themselves. You know who you are and how you have been acting. Try to be more considerate and let the man who has paid his dollar have just an enjoyable time as you are trying to have without paying.

And if you haven't a dollar, see the social secretary — he will loan you the money.

Signs — Oct. 10, 1928

Did it ever occur to you that there are certain traditions here that have existed and are likely to exist for some time to come? There are traditions that ought to be broken and others that ought to prevail but certainly there is no use trying to start one that is so nonsensical as the one that is about to be started this year. Each year the numerals are painted on the water tower and then are painted out and during that process of painting out

and re-painting someone gets the big idea of putting company names on the tower. Perhaps that is all right, but I think there are other ways of advertising your company than by putting it up before everyone as a shining example to the school regardless of whether it really deserves that high place it holds on the campus or not.

Last week there were no less than four companies with their names on the tank. Only a small percent of the

men in the company are responsible for this but that still makes it look bad for the company, and the majority of the men would not be in favor of it if they had anything to do with it. Regardless whether the shoe fits or not, remember this: The man who blows the longest and the loudest is usually the one who has nothing to be blowing about.

Senior Week — why not? — April 22, 1924

We have heard it rumored that there was once such a thing as Senior Week. This seven days was devoted to rest and recreation, and to the renewing and strengthening of the friendships that had been neglected in favor of some driving instructor who thinks that his course is the only one in school. Take the E. Es for an example: they are good boys, and we like them, but we never get to see them for over five minutes at a time and they can't talk of anything except that they should be writing up an experiment.

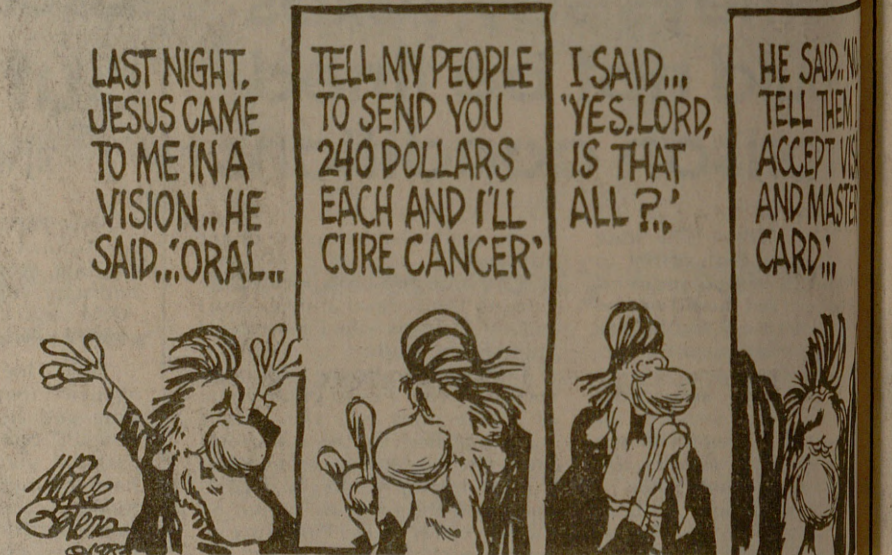
There are many others in the same predicament as these unfortunate hermits. It may be said that all that can be done during commencement, but we have seen a few such events, and it has been our observation that the admiring relatives and others get all the attention at that time.

It may be that our dream to a place in the world may rest on that last week's work, but we doubt it. It would be a terrible crime to waste one hundred and forty-fourth of our time at college in a little bit of rest. It would

probably lower the efficiency. We say let efficiency go to the devil for one week.

SENIOR WEEK — MAY 25-31
Seniors — It is yours to demand.
Faculty — It is yours to grant — do it.

Once upon a time in Aggieland features old columns and editorials printed in The Battalion. The material in the feature is selected by the Opinion Page Editor and is not edited for style.



Mail Call

Amen!

EDITOR:

In Karl Pallmeyer's article on April 9, he pointed out many of the problems with random religion. He basically said the problem was not religion but the selfish individuals who use it.

Pallmeyer was wrong. Religion is the problem. These selfish individuals are the natural by-products of Christianity.

In the Old Testament people felt they could please their god

by slaughtering and burning animals on an altar. In return, their god would look favorably upon them.

Next came the famous human sacrifice of the alleged Jesus to placate their "powerful" deity. Fortunately, human and animal sacrifices are no longer fashionable. So what do people sacrifice? Their money. Roberts, Swaggert, and Bakker serve an important role.

Christians require a representative of God to sacrifice their money to. In no way are these monetary gifts unselfish. Christians expect a good return on their investment.

Their return is immortality and eternal paradise (heaven). No one expects something for nothing. Their place in heaven must be bought by money and blind faith.

The methods of reaching heaven have not changed, only the currency.

John R. Spessard '86
president; Atheist, Agnostic and Freethinker Society

Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words in length. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for style and length, but will make every effort to maintain the author's intent. Each letter must be signed and must include the classification, address and telephone number of the writer.